How went he vnder him?

Groome. So proudlie, as if he disdaind the ground.

Rich. So proud that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse Horse, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spurde, galde, and tyrde by iauncing *Bullingbrooke.*

Keeper. Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard with meat.

Keeper. My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keeper. My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of *Exton.*
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary

Rich. The Deuill take Henry of Lancaster and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.

Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

The murderers rush in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

Heere Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: *Exton,* thy fierce hand
Hath with the Kings blood staind the kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downeward heere to die.

Exton. As full of valour, as of Royall blood:
Both haue I spilt; Oh would the deed were good!
For now the Deuill that told me I did well,

Sayes

Sayes that this deed is chronicled i
This dead King to the liuing Kin
Take hence the rest, & giue them

Enter Bullingbrooke with t

King. Kind Vnckle Yorke, the lat
Is, that the Rebels haue consume
Our towne Ciceter in Glocesterst
But whether they be tane or slaine
Welcome my Lord, what is the n

Enter Northumberland.

North. First, to thy sacred stat
The next newes is, I haue to Lon
The heads of Oxford, Salisburie,
The manner of their taking may
At large discourst in this paper
King. We thanke thee gentle P
And to thy worth will adde right

Enter Lord Fitz

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from C
The heads of Broccas, and sir Be
Two of the dangerous consorted
That sought at Oxford thy dire o
King. Thy paines Fitz: shall n
Right noble is thy merit well I wo

Enter Henrie Percie

Per. The graund conspirator
With clogge of conscience and s
Hath yeelded vp his body to the
But here is *Carleil* liuing, to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentenc
King. Carleil, this is your doom
Choose out some secret place, so
More then thou hast, and with it
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free
For though mine enemie thou ha
High sparkes of Honour in thee

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH